

YOUNG LOVE

Young love is kisses stolen
On benches washed in darkness
It's every touch setting skin alight
And glances between classes
It's a feeling of lightness
Which seems to flow and spread
Into your rushing blood stream
Causing your dizzied head
To lose its place
Set tight on your shoulders
But instead, it flies
So steadily over
The normalcy and complacency
Of boring daily life
And at one point you start asking yourself
Is this love? Or this is like?
But none of that seems to matter
When your eyes meet with theirs
All that matters is the feeling
Of their steady stare
Something which feels so light
And seems to lift you up
But at the same time so intense
You think it must be love
Everything seems new
And it's bursting with rosy light
But since everything's so new
Each and every fight
Can come to seem like the end
Because we don't know how to deal
With problems which feel so massive
With issues that seem so real
I often wonder if years away
We'll all look back and laugh
About the things we used to say
And what we thought we knew of our hearts
Maybe we'll all reminisce
And wonder why we cared
But I think there's a simple beauty
In remembering that there's something there

Adults often tell us
'give it time and you'll understand'
But that gets frustrating when you're the one
Involved in the matter at hand

Of course, there's no sense in disputing
That wisdom comes with age
But that doesn't then mean that all our worries

Will simply go away
In fifteen years, our anxieties and fears
Will still exist, if not worse
So, I think it always helps to have a reminder
That this age is not a curse

We're experiencing things for the first time
Which we can never do again
We're finding our place within the world
We're making lifelong friends
And young love is the most powerful entity
Of all in this world, no doubt
There's something so bittersweet
In a love so shrouded in doubt
It's raw and real and vulnerable
It's exciting and so unsure
It's tentative and yet so completely free
It's heavy, but yet so pure
It's a breath of fresh air, but at the same time
The first air into your lungs
It's climbing up a newly made ladder
But deciding on all of the rungs

Young love is kisses stolen
On benches washed in darkness
It's inside jokes and giddy joy
And glances between classes
But it's also something bigger
Than what we can see now
It's also something we'll take with us
Though in ways we can't know how

Something never seen before
It cannot be compared
And there's a simple poetry
In all those moments shared
Never again will we be able
To love for the first time
So, remember every moment of it
As I'd try to remember mine

AND ALL THOSE LITTLE THINGS...

have you ever stood at the top of a hill at night
with a light shining behind you
and you can see your shadow
dripping down the side of the hill
spilling over until
it seems to plateau at the bottom
the darkness pools
as the ground shallows
and in that moment
your silhouette is in liquid form

have you ever swum in the sea at night
while the light is stolen from the moon
and each droplet of water
shimmers and shines
as though diamonds were infused into them
and in that moment
the ocean is the most beautiful
and the most inexplicable
necklace

have you ever lain in the grass
while the sun pounds into your skin
each pore inhaling it
being consumed by the warmth
as the smell of freshly-cut grass
seems to consume your senses
and the world around you
is entirely bright

have you ever breathed in crisp air
while the wind is biting at your neck
but through layers of clothes
and through a warm mug in your hands
the cold is inconsequential
compared to the feeling
of truly fresh air
filling your lungs

the big moments in life
the events, the milestones, the achievements
they make up what the world sees of you

but the moments inbetween
the ones you share with you and the earth
those are the ones which shape you